



white feathers

white feathers blowing down the street
signs of souls incomplete
someone close whose passed away
tumbling in the road, over and over again and over again
a movement in the corner of your eye
mouse running a peripheral line
sound in the twisting leaves
bring that juice back to me

and i know
the work you do never goes away
and i know
you can't control the madness of others

white feathers blowing in the heat
spinning round in thermals as they lose themselves
someone close whose passed on
a bullet from the barrel of a gun
waking ,falling in your bed
every muscle shaking
what kind of bird could have shorn these things
what kind of mourning does this bring

and i know
the work you do never goes away
and i know
you can't control the madness of others

one day it will be our turn
one day we will be burned
one day we won't be here
we will live on
in the eyes and ears
of those we leave behind
but some unexpected time
we will meet
reunited we will speak
to those we left behind
lovers and fathers, mothers, friends and enemies
once again complete
only then we will be
white feathers blowing down the street